PYRGOMACHIA.

Vel potius,

PYGOMACHIA.

In cleane English

THE CASTLE-COMBAT.

Performed by

At nine of the clock of the night of

By the ninth of the nine Muses, in the ninth part of nine Weekes, and divided into nine Rules.

LONDON,
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1635.

PYRGOMACHIA:

The Combat is thus ranged according to Files, or Orders.

File 1. *The Place, and Climate.*
2. *The Quarrell, and Vapour.*
3. *The Challenge, and Resolution.*
4. *The Field, and March.*
5. *The Search, and Sadnesse.*
6. *The Encounter, and Weapon.*
7. *The Parly, and Parting.*
8. *The Retreat, and Triumph.*
9. *The Reward, and Honour.*

THE

THE CASTLE COMBAT.

PROLOGVS.

MY Muse the fights of puling Gnats,
The strifes of leather-winged Batts,
The Duells twixt the Weazells and the Rats
Rejecteth:
Shee mounts on Pegasæan wings,
And, strouting up her vocall strings,
To sing of Worthies, not of Chitterlings,
Affecteth.
With any slight Pygmæan Elfe,
Or such poore base (as vulgar pelfe)
Shee scornes below to creep and crawle, but selfe-
Bemudding;
But chaunts of Champions Grandifide,
As tall, as bigg, as long, as wide,
Whose stomacks are as piping hot, being tri'd,
As Pudding.

Assist yee Heliconian Traine,
Powre out your liquors on my braine:
That I may utter from a flowing veine
Sad dangers.
Helpe Phœbus. *One's a friend of thine.*
For hee sells [a] *Aganippine Wine,*
And hangs a soaring [b] *Bird out for a Signe*
To strangers.

a His wine for the most part is thunder-stricken.

b The Falcon still flying hard by the Castle, and preying upon many a peasant.

FIT. I.

The Place, and Climate.

IT much behoves (as Sages tell)
To know where great, or wise men dwell,
And where their Virtues, and exployts befell
Renowned.
Among the [c] Saxons of the East,
There hath been many a Nobles nest,
And Roman Garrisons of yore did rest
Entowned:
Who there did fixe their foot so long,
They left some spawne of courage strong:
Which, being spread the Natives all among,
Is fruitfull.

c Essex, id est, East Saxons.

Hence

Hence is it, that ſo many are
Or fighters in the Forts of warr,
Or with their Neighbours ſtrive in Courts of
Still ſuitfull.
Within this Climate, on that ground,
Where Hop-crop hopes are (moſtly) found,
A village ſtands, which freſh-ſprūg *Colne* doth
And border.
Twas bravely govern'd, while by it
Great *Oxford* in his row'r did ſit.
Alas! now Conſtable-Churchwarden wit
Keeps order.
It had of old a Market day,
Untill the Charter crept away:
Yet love by tale is daily ſold (they ſay)
By many.
They follow buſie legall ſtrife:
And yet Profeſsion is their life,
And in good works (forſooth) they are as rife,
As any.
For who, but they, could plot ſo well
Foure ſuperſtitious Bells to tell
One left doth ring a ſolitary knell
I'th Steeple.

a *A river riſi not above fou miles from th town, on the North ſide.*
b *The Earle of Oxford.*
c *A ſtrong co pound of two eaſie ſimples.*
d *Theſe Bell dee roare to th day at St. Ed munds-Bury, lamentation o their exile fro their native ſoyle.*

The Chancell hath a School-houſe bin,
Where boyes have ſhown their pænall ſkin,
In ſinging the Pſalmes. The ſniv'ling Clark doth line* by line begin
To'th people.
The greater part are deft preciſe
I'th noſe, and lips, and eares, and eyes,
And in conceit, & language wondrous wiſe:
Yea truely.
Some others, on the other hand,
Are of the raſh-ſwaſh-fellowes band,
And may be well proclaim'd, if duely ſcan'd,
Vnruly.
Not that it is wild wanton waſt
Of wine, to take a ſhort repaſt.
A modeſt *Muſe* ſometime may ſipp a taſt
Of Claret.
But helter skelter drawing deepe
Till reaſon winke, and play bo-peepe,
Till roaring rage rude revel-rout do keepe:
O barr it.
On both hands here (& where, where not?)
Are ſeene ſome faults. 'Tis humane lot.
My pens black ſope in ſcouring thē may blot
A little.

The

The Towne is view'd. You aske the name.
I call it onely *Heningam.*
For now what needs prefixing to the ſame
The title?

FYTTE II.

The Quarrell and Vapour.

HEre valiant *Iames* with *Billy* met:
At juice of *Bacchus* both were ſet,
Till *Jockey's* pot-ſows't braine was ſoking wet
With liquor.
With more good fellowes in that throng,
They quaff't, & troul'd the wine bowls ſtrog,
When loviall *Jockey* grew in wit and tongue
The quicker.
He gan to vaune, and trumpet out,
And blaze his Martiall acts ſo ſtout,
And famous Combats, he had bravely fought
With Mighties;
And ſaid, his manifold renownes
Were witneſt by all hills and downes,
And all the faires, and greateſt market townes,
And cities.

As

As big, as hee, did *Billy* look,
(As good a man) and could not brook
His mountain-termes, but him to task betook,
And girded;
Thou Braggadocio; thou (quoth hee)
Dar'st thou doe any thing with mee?
Th'art nothing but tongue-courage, now I see,
To word it:
You brag, and boast, and make such cracks
To us, of your exployts, and acts,
As if wee did not know of your great facts
At weapon.
T'is but thy trick thus in a house
All-man, to let thy tongue run loose:
But in the field, thou dar'st not face a Goose,
Or Capon.
At these tearmes Elephantine *James*,
With his two armes (like *Polyphemes*)
Pot-fashion by his side, (fro's nostrill streames
A vapour)
Sets his Officiall * Cap upright,
Stands like a Steeple tip-toe-height,
At *Billy* puffs, as hee had been as light,
As paper.

H

* A black leather generous cap which hee wares, because it will march under the colour of an Officer.

Thou

Thou fight with me? thou Campingball?
By this * Cathedrall beard, I ſhall
Slice thee to ſhreds, and chippifie thee ſmall,
As Chaff old:
I tell you, Sauce, I ſcorne to flout,
But thou ſhal't find mee true, and ſtout;
Before K. *James*, I *James* his name-ſake fought
Oth' Scaffold;
For when the great *Mogul* came o're,
And challeng'd all on *England's* ſhore,
My Country's Credit had for evermore
Bin undone;
Had I not entertayn'd him there,
At ſharp, before both Prince, and Peere,
And ſent him home-ward with a flea in's eare
From *London*.
When I did ſerve great *Buckingham*,
A lozell raſcall at mee came,
With his long forke, & layd on with the ſame
Devoutly;
But I, that never knew diſmay,
Drew my ſhort blade, and ſpoil'd his play,
Struck up his heeles, and took his tooles away
Moſt ſtoutly;

* He gives this ſurname to his Beard, when he ſtroakes it with an earth moſt gravely.

The Dukes acquaintance then I grew,
Who ever ſince that time me knew.
You cannot chuſe but know this to be true:
'Tis voyc't ſo
A great reward to mee hee gave,
For this exploit perform'd ſo brave:
But from his office turn'd away the knave
Deboyc't ſo.
When thou art challeng'd to a place,
Thou dar'ſt not looke a foe i'th face,
But hang'ſt an erſe, and like a Coward baſe
Do'ſt linger:
But ſee the wounds, the ſcars, and blowes,
This Corps hath had, by deviliſh foes;
See one, for many; and with that he ſhewes
[c] No-finger;
When halfe a ſcore at leaſt, I weene,
Fell on me, with their Falchions keene,
With Roman reſolution I have beene
The firſt on't;
And laid about me ſtroaks ſo ſmart,
That gall'd the Raſcals to the heart,
And gave them all e're they and I did part
The worſt on't:
Know

[c] *In a cowardly ruffle the middle finger of his right hand (vulgarly called the Goles finger) was cut off; which often ſhewed for an honourable Character of valour, and vowes: this tricke he will never keepe ſtares againe; they (as hee ſes) bit off his fatall finger.*

Know Sr; that for my courage bold,
I did the place of Martiall hold; (enroll'd;
To a worthy Knight, my name ſtands there
No Peaſant;
And when to *Scotland Charles* our King,
On progreſſe went, but for one thing,
I'de gone the voyage with that royall ring
Moſt pleaſant;
St *Edmond's Bury* never failes,
To give *Iames* honour, ſince with *Hailes*,
I plaid that prize (tis knowne theſe are no tales
I tell yee)
For while the Varlet made much chat,
That he could doe, I know not what,
I made his heeles to mount, and laid him flat
On's Belly;
Yet fairely then I let him riſe,
To feaſt Spectators, with a prize
Of *Iames-es* playing. At me hot he flies,
But ſhuffel'd:
Then I, for all his pelting rage,
Did quickly turne him off the Stage;
Iames ha's the day, cry'd all the equipage
Oth' Scaffold;

Hundreds came in mee to embrace:
And happy hee could have the grace
To get a look from conquering *Jame-es* face,
To talk on:
And as I went along the ſtreet,
The boyes were ready mee to meet,
And ſtrow greene ruſhes underneath my feet
To walk on.

* *Out of the Guard; as Iames reporteth.*

*Gaites,** at *New-market* Court did dare
To ſtrike brave *James* a box o'th eare:
But I ſoone put him in a Panick feare
For's errour;
Like *Herowles* that Gyant fell,
When he drew *Cerb'rus* out of Hell,
I drag'd him roaring from his lurking cell,
In terrour;
For downe the ſtayres I ſtraight did pull,
Spite of his noſe, the ſawcy Gull,
The while he cry'd, and bellow'd like a Bull,
For pardon.
Toth' Preſence-Chamber then the ſlave
I brought: There pitty he to crave (grave
Fell downe on's knees; while I ſtood like a
Church-warden;
And

And whilſt my breaſt wᵗʰ wrath was fill'd;
For halfe an how'r, and more he kneel'd
To me; beſeeching I would pleaſe to yield
Some mercy:
My Lords, for him did intercede,
That I would pardon his bold deed,
(Sure his long kneeling on his joynts did breed
The farcy)
Yet I a Challenge him did write,
If heewith mee could dare to fight,
To meet mee at the *Devill's ditch; but try't
He would not.
For knowne it was, the Court about,
I had fou'r mighty Duels fought; (thought
That with a whole skin come off ſafe; hee
He could not.
This Wife I have, and the other too,
When they my valour once did know,
Were taken with me, cauſe I ſlaſh't it ſo
Profoundly;
And ſhould *Iugg* dye, before the Spring,
I yet could have a dainty thing; (bring;
That mee a hundred pound a yeare would
And roundly.

* *A long dry trench on Newmarket heath.*

Let *Iames* but ride through any towne, A
In all this Kingdome *Iames* is knowne,
By all good Fellowes, diving up and downe
The County.
To welcome me, one pawnes his Mare;
Another doth a Gooſe prepare,
Another his beſt Sack doth pierce, and ſhare,
With bounty.
When thou in *London* walk'ſt, forlorne,
The Car-men thee to greete doe ſcorne;
Vncouth thou goeſt to evening from the morn
With ſorrow;
The great Lord Mayor, if he ſee
My noted perſon, ſpeakes to me, (he)
Come *Iames*, and welcome, dine with us (ſaith
To morrow;
There's ne're a Lord about the Court,
But I to him have free reſort,
And boldly ſpeak in earneſt, or in ſport
My pleaſure;
Let any Lawyer ſee but me,
Though he be taking of a fee;
My ſight will make him inſtantly to be
At leiſure:

Moſt

This welcome was beſtow'd on Iames in Iadleigh in Suffolke by one deſcended from the line of Mars.

Moſt of the Gentry in the Land,
Whom I with feats of Armes have man'd,
Still call me Maſter, lead me by the hand
To dinner.
I tell thee (Boy) my conquering ſword,
Hath made me generally ador'd, (word)
More then befits (now I ſpeake this proud
A ſinner.
This man doth talke, as he were wild,
(Quoth *Will*) we know you are no child;
Were not you he, that once * a royſter foild
In Pigſcote?
In my conceit (nor doe I faine)
Had you but met him, you had ſlaine,
In Duell that victorious Knight of *Spaine*
Don Quixot.
Were I a Fencer though, like thee,
To let one baſte, and cudgell me,
And then arreſt him for a Batterie,
Would ſhame mee:
Hee cry'd you mercy for the harme,
But who was it his hands did charme?
The arme of Iuſtice, not the vengefull arme
Of *Iamy.*

* *This was* Granger *Sewſter of* Aſhwel *in* Hertford-ſhire, *accounted a notable Duelliſt, whom* Iames *in a combat ſo fiercely purſued, that he ran into a Hogſ-coat.*

The

The fame, and fume of you is blowne,
(I know't) all over *Bury* towne, (knowne
That dainty tricke of tayle-ſtrong *Iames* is
To all men:
An haſty pudding once you lay'd
In your Friend's ſhirt; and then affray'd
Tooke to your heels; in that you cleanly play'd
The tall man;
Belide you play'd the man, and ha'fe,
When * *Harry* with a walking ſtaff
Did baſt your buff-skin; then did you come off
With credit:
Or then, when * *Iohn* (you wel know wher)
Struck up your heels, and laid you there
Diſarmed; then you did the deed, if e're
You did it.

* *Harry Smith*

* *Iohn Sewell of Halſted.*

File III.

The Challenge; and Reſolution.

I *Ames* to the bottome ſtirr'd, a ſcore
Of teeth doth grate at him, and more;
And with a Demi-cannon oath doth roare
Like thunder;
Flyes

Flyes at him like a Tyger fierce,
His very viſage, ſharp, did pierce
Like vinegar; the reſt could keep them ſcarce
Aſunder;
Tell'ſt thou me (Dogs-noſe) in this wiſe,
That I was baffel'd once, or twice
By *Hal*, and *Jack*? Thou whorſon Cockatrice,
Thou Camell;
This foot of vengeance here ſhall kick
Thy guts out, ſend thy ſoule down quick
To hell; or make thee fawne upon me, like
A Spanniell.
Will, not ſo wordy was, but needs
He would with *James* have bin at deeds;
Strike ſlave (qd. he) Ile beat thee fmal, as weeds
To porridge.
Meet mee (quoth *Jocky*) if thou dare;
(Quoth *Billy*) I will, any where,
To morrow morning: I doe ſcorne to feare
Thy courage.
To morrow? If thou dar'ſt, to night:
For thou ſhalt never ſee day-light;
Beſides, in day time, my ſwords glittering ſight
Will fright thee:

Had I a weapon here, [c] as thou,
Since th'art ſo hot on't; I would goe,
(Quoth *Will*) to night, and make thee darely
I ſlight thee. (know
Is that thy way to ſhift? (quoth he)
I'le lend thee [d] one, to fight with me:
Thou, & ſuch friends ſhall have that courteſie
And favour;
With that he fetch't two Bilbo blades (ſpades,
Hand-broad; they would have digg'd like
And ſerved Pioners in their earthen trades
To labour.
Was it your fortune e're to eye,
The tooles of *Bevis*, or S[r]. *Guy*?
Such were theſe blades, wth which ſtern *Iames*
The Duell. (would try
Nor could the company perſwade,
With all intreats, and reaſons ayd,
Iames, fierce, and furious, reſolute, unſtayd,
And cruell;
Sirrah (he roares) mark what *Iames* ſaith,
Ask me forgiveneſs while th'haſt breath;
Or elſe I'le make thee with a dolefull death
To rue it.

[c] *Iames provided, will be his houſe.*

[d] *mes, who nd is ſtill, lockt with ons in his e.*

First

Firſt, I will Cullendrize with holes,
Thy Bull-thick hide, ſo good for ſoles;
Then ſlice thee thin, as raſhers on the coales,
Or ſewet:
Thy head I'le from thy ſhoulders take,
And of thy Scull a piſſ-pot make: (crake,
And that ſame tongue, that now ſo much doth
I'le ſmoak it;
Which I for ſtart-up heeles will weare:
Thy braines, I'le pickle in dead beere,
Or ſowreſt hog-waſh; Mark my words, and
I've ſpoke it; (feare,
Then will I ſouſe thy cheeks and eares,
Provant for hungry Cuſtomers, (c teares
When they come here, to waſh away their
With Flagons:
Thy Fleſh I'le ſlice in ſerverall parts,
And have it try'd by Kitchin arts
For greazing-ſtuffe, to liquor wheeles of carts,
And wagons.
Thy thred, poore *Billy*, now is ſpun:
For e're that I with thee have done,
I'le hew thee ſmall, as Atomes in the Sun,
Or powder;

c *When they are Maudlin drunk.*

Or make thee run away moſt baſe,
Or yeeld thy weapon in the place,
And ſay th'haſt bin before thy betters face
Too proud here.
Doſt thou ſo well provide for me?
Mark how I have diſpos'd of thee,
(Quoth *Will*) and tremble: for of certaintie
Ile do it;
When I have hack't, and hewed thy
Tun-carkaſs, and thy Ghoſt let fly
Out of that Carrion-dungeon, thus will I
Beſtow it;
I'le cut thy head off by the neck,
And make thy ſcull a Standard peck;
(For 'tis a large one;) and a chaine ſhall deck
The veſſell.
Thoſe black locks from that pate Ile teare,
And have them woven for a haire
To dry my *Hops; thy armes & legs ſhal reare
A treſſell.
That Noſe of thine I'le give ſome Smith,
To ſerve him for a horn, where with (teeth,
To give Iades med'cines, through their halter'd
And drenches;
That

*Which are
y plentifull
that towne;
d William a
pmaſter.

That Face I on a Crotch will rayse
A gastly Vizard; Pyes and Iayes (hoyes
To scare from plumtrees, or to fright young
And wenches:
Then from thy flesh I'le draw thy hide,
And have it throughly tann'd, and dry'd
Whit-lether-like; thy trunck will I devide
To parcells;
And with thy flesh I'le cram my [a] dogs,
Thy panch, and guts I'le give my [b] hogs,
Wch they shal draw, about the moores & bogs
In morsells;
Thy bones at scales the Boyes shall teare,
Or (cause they full of [d] shaking are)
I'le have them cut out, into dice six-square,
To play with;
That tongue of thine will I confer,
Upon some Alminack-maker;
Some bragging Souldiar, or some Traveller,
[e] To lye with.
Thus blustring in confronting tearmes,
Sworne to each other's deadly harmes,
To hack, and hew, hands, legs, heads, sides, and
And hanches; (armes,

a *Of which Cattell* William *keeps many.*

b *Which are appurteinances to* William's *house, being a Farmer;*

c *Of which, many border upon that Towne.*

d *For* Iames *ex terrestriall body by this time was in* Motu trepidationis.

e *In which trade* Iames *is a great dealer.*

With juſt as much of wit, as ſight,
They through the darkneſs of the night,
Went out, with their high ſtomacks fill'd up
And panches. (quite,

FILE IV.

The Field; and March.

A Field there is; wherein doth ſtand
A Caſtle, now Iack-daw'd; not man'd;
And ſoothly never by a humane hand
Erected;
For old King *Coël* (tales do tell)
When firſt he built that Warlike Cell,
Conſulted with the ſmoaky Pow'rs of Hell
Collected:
This King was tall; * Gygantick vaſt,
His foot was of the largeſt laſt;
'Tis everlaſting; I have ſumm'd, and caſt
The meaſure;
A Yard in Longitude, no more,
Twelve Inches broad: Upon the Tow'r,
O'th'Leads you ſtill may ſee the ſhape at your
Owne pleaſure;
His

* *At Colcheſter in the High ſtreet hee is ſet forth in a ſmall volume, or Epitome, to ſave exceſſive expence of tymber; or becauſe dwarf Coël is ſtrong enough to guard a Pump.*

His Leg was correſpondent. Some
Affirme, his Boots did hold a Coome:
This King in ſuch a deale of Leathern roome
Did trample.
'Tis ſaid, ſome broken Cobbling wretch,
To ſet up's trade, them home did fetch,
Nor did the Leather to his Conſcience ſtretch
So ample;
A many rumors old, and new,
And, I think, more believ'd, than true,
Are blaz'd abroad of this great King. Did you
Ne're heare it?
Like Hawk, or Buzzard at his game,
This King could fly in th'ayre (ſayes fame)
James will not only juſtifie the ſame,
* But ſweare it;
Whither hee flew in th'ayre, or no,
I'm ſure he dived very low
Into the earth, how deep no man doth know;
T's admired;
Yet this may be concluded, by
His fabrigs deep ground-work, if fly
He could not; yet at leaſt he very high
Aſpired:
Beſides

* *Furthermore he will tell you of a man in this Towne of 105 yeares old, who heard King Coël cry Did Did in his mothers belly.*

Beſides by Black-Art, like a Mole,
He under ground did work a hole:
Whereſe're his corps is, I think yet his ſoule
Doth haunt it;
By which he had a ready way
To play the Cater; and convey
For all his Souldiers food enough, e're they
Did want it;
For when the *Danes* had over-run
The Land, this Fort they ſet upon,
Reſolv'd to ſlay, or ever they had done,
Or ſterve them;
But through this vault there was ſuch ſtore
Of victuals brought, that they threw ore
Food to the Foe, and, if they needed more,
They'd ſerve them:
Long long hath ſtood this ſtrong built Tower,
And (as the Fates have told *John Gower*)
Vn-undone ſhall it ſtand yet many an hower,
Though tatter'd;
The Walls, with open mouths, do ſpeak
Againſt the mattocks, that ſtill ſeek
The ruine of it, and long ſince did break
And batter't;

f *Rumor runneth, that this vault runneth under ground from thence to* Colcheſter.

g *Which they brought under ground from* Colcheſter.

So

So that in ſtead of Majeſty,
Now onely Seniority
It juſtly claimes, yet ſtill it looks as[a] high
As ever;
Whiles all the hammer's ſpitefull ſtrokes,
And fierce malicious fangs of hooks,
Do what they can, pul down theſe ſtately looks
Shall never;
The Tow'r is girded with a Wall;
In faſhion of a Varthingale
Upon a hill, begotten of a vale
Below it;
This Hill by[b] figure doth declare,
The Tow'r hath ſtood long out of ſquare;
The pye-ball'd proſpect of the walls ſo bare
Can ſhew it.
Here, what the *Danes* could never do,
The *Dawes* have done, and wrought into
The walls and chambers of it; And now who
But they there?
The houſe fee-ſimple is their owne,
For them; their heires; there they alone
Can build, can goſsip, ſtrut it up, and downe,
And play there.

a *Two of t Turrets ſtill r maine in the firſt top-galla height, thou other parts b defaced.*

b *Which Circular.*

Here many tall Ghoſt's walk: 'tis thought
King *Coël* wanders ſtill about, (out,
Sometimes within the vault, ſometimes with-
At's pleaſures;
And here, in dull Night's ſullen ſhade,
(Becauſe the Circle's ready made) (tread
The light-foot Fayries, dance the rounds, and
The meaſures;
And in the Moon-light nights have beene
Hobgoblins Robingoodfellowes ſeene,
With lights: and noyſes have bin heard o'th'
Of talking; (green
And other viſions ſtrike with feare
Folk going by: yea ſure there were
That night, Goodfellowes, when thoſe two
Awalking: (were there
Theſe Champions hither march't forthright,
To ſcare the Devill in the night,
And Fayries from their round-abouts affright
With horrour.
Now may you by this time ſuppoſe
Theſe two are at it very cloſe, (blows
With daſhing, claſhing, banging, bumming,
Of terrour;

For

For having ſtrip't themſelves, their skin
Each th'other ſhew'd, ſo far as ſeene
By night they could be, and at diſtance, then,
Fell to it;
And layd on load with might, and maine,
Let who's would take it off againe,
What there was don, would ask no little pain
T'undo it.

File V.

The Search, and Sadnes.

BUt (oh) conceive what griefes, what kind
Of woes, poſſeſt us all behind;
For theſe two whetted ſpirits. Words, & wind
Expreſt it;
We ſigh't, we groan'd, as hart would burſt,
Care in our cups made us a thirſt:
That ſeaſon, and their tameleſs fury, worſt
Moleſted;
For (note ye) when ſuch ſtomacks grew,
At variance, and to weapons flew,
There muſt perforce of conſequence enſue
A ſlaughter.

O diſmall night, like that of *Troy*:
O lamentable-following day,
That muſt the fate of both, or one bewray
Hereafter.
Brave *Cæſars*, and great *Pompeyes* might;
Fierce *Hector*, and *Achilles* fight,
Muſt come behind this, that befalls this night
Thus ſadly;
For by tranſparent beames of Day,
Thoſe could obſerve each others play;
But theſe run deſperate, to a blindfold fray
Moſt madly:
Thus forth we wander, where we gueſs
Them hurry'd by their furiouſneſs,
To ſtop, or ſpy them, as eye-witneſſes,
Thus falling;
But (oh) the fate of Darknes! Night
Our Optick ſenſe had ſeal'd up quite;
That now, more ſad we walk along, the fight
Bewayling.
Our eyes can do no good (we ſay)
If all our ſenſes in the way
Do fayle us too, then muſt the light of day
Diſcover:

Still

Still rambled we the fields a round
In grievous plight, and nothing found,
No hope was offer'd, but in vain muchground
Paſt over.

File VI.

The Encounter, and Weapon.

AT laſt behold here how one ſence
Supplies his friend's deficience,
(Were it by any happy providence,
Or fortune)
As to the Caſtle neere we grew,
Where theſe two forth their tackling drew,
Vnhop't for objects did our ſence anew
Importune.
For preſently a freſh we met
A fume, that did our noſes fret,
And piercing to our hearts did them beſet
With dull feare.
Oh! foh! (ſayes one) my noſtrils find
We have Gunpowder in the wind:
Thus fumes Salt-peeter when it is calcin'd
With ſulpher.

Another cryes: O heavie lot!
Sure they have guns, or Piſtols got,
And mutually let fly their deadly ſhot,
Which vapours.
But ſtraight we found it, that the ſmell,
Though but ill-ſavour'd, ſavour'd well
For them. With thē worſe had by guns befell,
Or Rapiers;
For we (concluding to have ſeen
Or both, or one upon the green
Ly dead, or maim'd by Gun, or Falchion keen
With fighting)
So far as eye a ſight could gaine,
See them with backſides might and main,
Like darting Porcupines, (to tell you plain)
Aſh—
Lo in this wiſe, theſe Champions twaine
Together did their utmoſt ſtraine.
Much ther was ſhed: but neither of them ſlain,
No truly.
Sure much was ſhed all o're the graſs.
For all, which by next day did paſs,
By ſignes did ſee what dreery fight there was
But newly:
Wee

We puft and ſnuft, and peer'd about:
Stil, ſtill theſe Fencers ſlaſh't it out, (fought,
And buckling too't like ſtrong-tayl'd Lions
Hard ſtriking.
In each was op't a poſtern wound:
Of bouncing Eccho did rebound, (ground,
The ſtrokes they dung againſt the ſuff'ring
All reaking.

File VII.

The Parley, and Parting.

AT this diſcovery, joy'd, * Sirs, yet
Lets not, while they are in the heat,
Come in the dint, leſt ſome ſoure mark we get
Not pleaſing.
At length we clos'd with them, and felt,
(Yet warily) theſe whom we ſmelt. (dealt:
Come worthy Champions you have bravely
Be ceaſing:
This is a new-found Martiall trick,
To fight at tayle, whiles others ſtrike
At head, at throat, at breſt, at belly, like
Mad wretches.

* *This Counſell was not Cowardly, but Cleanly.*

With

With night, and rage, they are o'regone,
And ſo they be miſtook (ſayes **Iohn*)
And for their doublets, thus have they undone
Their [b] breeches.
Who ere comes here, to judge the cloſe,
Without th'imployment of a Noſe,
Muſt paſſe no verdit of the ſtrongeſt blowes
I'th' Duell:
Well, Sirs I think you'l be content,
Now you have given your Stomacks vent;
The fire of ire will vaniſh, now y'have ſpent
The Fuell;
Put up, then; let's have no foule play:
Let all this geere be wip't away;
I hope there is no hurt done in the fray
To neither.
Or if you be ſo fierce and fell,
That with your Blades, you yet will deal,
Then cut this vapour-thickned ayre, and ſmell
Together.

* Iohannes de Atocha, *a Scholler then in the company.*

b *'Twas (doubtles) leſt they ſhould wrong them through the approaching fight.*

File VIII.

The Retreat, and Triumph.

Iames ſhuffling up his pipes (quoth hee)
Will, at this game's too hard for mee;
I'le be for this, till I make even with thee,
Thy debter.
But *Will* with *Iames* would yet have fought;
Not now (quoth *Iames*) my anger's out;
And heat quite over: let's go drink about;
That's better.
Give me thy hand (if it be cleane:)
Both are by this the better men;
I'le ne're fall out with thee (Brave boy) agen
Hereafter.
But whenſoe're thou doſt deſire,
I'le ſtand by thee a friend intire, (fire,
And venture this ſame head, through ſword, &
And water.
Why ſhould we two, we two old friends
Bring one another to our ends? (ſend's
Death ſoone enough without a ſword will
To aſhes.

Say we are hurt, ſay we are kill'd:
Had we not better thus to yield,
Than lie here dead, or wounded in the field
With ſlaſhes?
Say fighting Credit to us gave:
Can Credit cure a cutt? can't ſave
A leg? ſhall we (if lam'd) by Credit have
Our keeping?
I've thirtie yeares a Fencer been,
A thouſand fights have fought, or ſeen,
I ne're could find but in a whole ſound skin
Beſt ſleeping:
Since I diſcretion had, 't hath ſtood
My reſolution, 'tis not good,
To be thus prodigall of guiltleſſe blood
With fooling:
And they that have ſuch ſp'rits high flowne,
And are ſo hot, and bloudy growne,
One day may come unto their cutting downe,
And cooling:
Will, Will, conſider; wee have ſoules,
Wee have not lives like Cats, or Owles:
We ſans remorſe have bãgd the burning bowls
A long ſpace;
O woe

O woe! 'Tis dangerous fighting now;
For if we ſhould be ſlaine, I trow, (go
Our ghoſts i'th dark may miſs their mark, and
To th'wrong place.
Thus *James* agreed it: and ('tis ſaid)
Though moſt enraged, and unſtaid,
Hee firſt the other wholſome motion made
Of ſtinking.
Well, friends they were, & came down right
All to the Taverne, where they quite
Waſht all away with wine, & ſoakt the night
With drinking:
For rending ope the Sellar [a] dore,
A good Sack [b] Tierce they turned o're,
For joy ſo ſweetly they had ſcap't ſo [c] ſore
A battle:
Healths thick and threefold to the wounds,
That ne're were made, they drunk in rounds,
The old bang'd quart pots (never paſt their [d] bounds)
Did rattle.

a *For* Iug *in* fuſtian fume, fuſtie feare ha locke'd vp dine, & conven'd her ſe and her keyes t their nights reſt

b *By* Iames hi owne epotativ words, halfe a Hogſhead

c Potuis *ſoun*

d *Of meaſure.*

File IX.

The Reward, and Honour.

IVdge Reader, how this place became
So ſtout a Blade, as brave Sir *Jame.*
Ought not this fight to be enrold by Fame,
To laſt here?
Hee is a man of mightie heart,
And practiz'd well, to play his part
With greateſt skill, Profeſſor in his art,
And Maſter.
Sure when old *Coel* there did raigne,
His Tower never did maintaine
So brave a Lad, in all his martiall Traine
For valour;
Nor was ſo hot a fight by *Danes*,
Whiles they encamped on thoſe plaines;
Nor ſo deep charge wth ſuch tẽpeſtuous ſtrains
Of cholor:
What man ſoe're with *Jockie* fights,
When he into that humour lights,
Had need be watchful, expert, quick in ſlights,
Not ſlothfull:
For,

For, if hee lookes not better too't,
And keep his chaps moſt ſurely ſhut,
He may not only have his hands full, but
His mouth full.

O were the Caſtle in repaire,
My *Jockie* ſhould ſome Office beare,
Of Maſter-Gunner, or at leaſtwiſe there
Of Porter:

Then if a Cannon's bellowing blaſt
The wall had bored through, or rac't,
He ſoon might daub the breach up with a caſt
Of morter.

And then all foes I would adviſe,
To keepe away (if they be wiſe)
From *Jockie's* Bum-ſhot, leſt with loſſe of eyes
They rue it.

All [a] you that ſpie there in your way
The Monument of that ſad fray,
By adding [b] ſtuffe, to keepe it from decay,
Renue it.

No charge, great eaſe will you befall,
The paines of portage is but ſmall.
Unload your native dung-cart: that is all,
In ſadneſs.

a *The neighbouring Inhabitants of* Caſtle-Heniogham.
b *Viz. diſſolving your ligaments, and imitating theſe Combatants.*

This field may prove (manur'd ſo well)
An Hop-yard: big thoſe Hops will ſwell,
And beare away at * *Sturbridge* faire the Bell
For fatneſs.

If any reading this my Newes,
Shall think that I with lies abuſe
My Champion *Jockie*, and my jocund Muſe
To faigne them;
Out of your way ride but a mile,
And call, and talk with *James* awhile;
And he himſelf, will in an ample ſtile
Maintaine them.

What if you loſe a mile, or twaine?
As wiſe, to ſee a ſight as plaine,
Have ſtepp'd aſide, nor of their pains, as vaine,
Repented.

Here you not onely ſhall behold (told,
Sights, ſignes, but heare ſtrange wonders
And many a ſcore of more Adventures bold
Out-vented;
And Wine, and Welcome ſtill your fill;
And jeſts, and newes too, what you will:
For hee's more full, than is my dropping quill,
Of Storie:
You'l

* *Surely they will ſell for higher price under the name of* The gilded Hops of Heningham.

You'l ne're repent of any coſt,
Or time, to ſee ſo brave an Hoſt,
Of ſight of whom you may for ever boaſt,
And glorie.

Epilogus.

HOld Muſe: the Combat finiſht is;
The Foes are Friends againe, I wis:
It may be I ſhall dearly pay for this
Thy laughter.
And *Reader*, liſt awhile and heare:
John Gower is * ſu'd, and muſt appeare:
If this ſuit hold, the Progreſſe hee'l declare
Hereafter.
His Proctour entertain'd in *May*,
To anſwer what the foe ſhall ſay,
A proſp'rous Gale (I hope) will find faire way
In ſayling.
What Defamation here can lie
Againſt a Poet's induſtrie,
Who faineth not, but writes true Hiſtorie
Sans rayling?

* William, like a Wraſtler, took him by the Collar with a Proceſſe in April laſt paſt.

Yet

Yet *Jockie* doth at him ſo vex,
That hee in rage cries, *Curra Lex;*
Reſolv'd by cunning of his Lawiſh tricks
To ſhrieve him:
But ſure this Caſe (ſo all men think)
The more it ſtirs, the worſe 'twill ſtink:
Aſtræa, Phœbus, leſt your *Gower* ſhrink,
Relieve him.

Johannes Gower.

To

To the High-ſpirited, heroick-hearted, Stout-ſtomackt, bold-breſted, cruel-couraged: Hypſeloglotticall, Rhetorologicall, Archinoëticall; Invincible, Victorious, Worthy, noble, generous, & *Iames*, Grand-poſſeſſor, and Profeſſor, as well Oenopoliall of the rareſt, faireſt, deareſt, Pomperkin, Hullock, Mellogodoone, Frantiniack, Canary, Muſqueding Wines, as Gymnaſiarchicall, of the Martiall Science of Defence; Monomachounticall, and *polymachumticall*.

Greeting, not Grating.

THe mightie Acts of your Olympick arme,
Whoſe powr's Pancratiaſtick all doth charme,
Put downe great Hercules, *and ſtride before*
All his vaſt Labours, had they been twelve ſtore.
What you enroll in lines both high and ſtrong,
O'th Velom of your owne Stentorian tongue.
I doe omit, nor make my Muſe's Theame,
To add more water to a ſwelling ſtreame;
But this fierce fight, devoyd of ſight, and light,
Encourtainiz'd in Stygian ſhade of Night,
I have diſplayed to the rayes of Fame:
For that deſires, and you deſerve the ſame;
For which my Muſe heere proſtrate, you doth woo
To bee, as Subject, ſo Protector too;
Brave Pamathletick Royſter; daigne to take
This into favour for your honour's ſake;
It is your Art, and part now to defend
This Caſe, your fighting ſelfe, your writing friend.

It is a Nosegay therefore sweet enough;
Cull'd from your Garden; take it not in snuffe.
A Dish first dresst by you, now sawc't and grac't
To please your Palate: doe not it distast.
A Stage erected by our Muse to shew
Your Master-piece to all Beholders view:
More Amphitheatrall then piles of wood;
O doe not fire it in your angry mood.
Behold the verse, though number'd odd, and rough,
Yet, measur'd even, smoothly apt for you:
The feet your fingers fit, and may be scann'd
With Bidexteritie of either hand.
Two Tetradactyles mournfull numbers fit
That hand, whose finger by the Beares was bit.
The Pentadactyle for your left, more high
To sing your deedes, doth maunt Heroickly.
The short dwarfe-verse to scan if't be thy pleasure,
Then thump upon thy Stump, and there's the measure.
Sir, if that favour shall with you be found,
To you our Muse shall with her Booke be bound.

Your's at a cast,

vnto his last:

Idem quidem, qui pridem,

Io: Gouer.

WOrthy Poeticall Client, I have viewed the Information you ſent me: which will ſufficiently direct me in framing your anſwer. By reading it I am ſuddenly tranſ-formed, and become a Rythmicall Proctor. Whereof I give you a Proofe: which, when I plead your Apology, ſhall ſerve for a Preface; in manner and forme following,

Iohn Gower's *Proctor's Allegation To* Iockie's *plea of Defamation*: *Advis'd, devis'd, revis'd with conſultation.*

WHat rays'd *Achilles* acts of might?
Not that he did with *Hector* fight:
But that he did on *Homer's* trumpet light
To tell them.

Nor had theſe fuming feates of Fame,
Blowne up ſo high ſtout *Iockie's* name,
Had *Gower's* Lime-hound noſe not beene in frame
To ſmell them.

The fivefold fights, which chanted came
Through *Pindar's* quill, to this are lame:
All Greece of ſuch a brave Olympick game
Ne're craked.

Here *Mars* and *Bacchus* ſo combine:
No Buſh ſhall need to vent thy wine: *An Apoſtrophe to Iames.*
Two *Parthians* ſhooting backward be thy ſigne
Halfe naked.

Then Travellers through thick, and thin,
Will flocke to this new-named Inn:
Where all in rich *Canary* will begin
To *Iocky*.

And Will must not be wrastled out,
Who did so well maintaine the Bout.
This Combat's fame made all our Hops (I doubt)
So crocky.

Ever since this fight the Hops hereabout have been blasted and potty.

Colonus Felis.

Expound this Latine into Greek,
My name you need not further seek.

A Congratulatory verse, to the bravely resolved IAMES, the horrid *Bubby* of bloody-handed *Bellona*, Arch-Duke of *Canary*, and great Commander of the omnipotent forces of *Bacchus*, in the infernall *Region of his well-bilbo'd, and well-bang'd Barrells.*

Mars-daunting Martialist, a silent tongue
Of thy great acts do's thy great self great wrong;
Too little stages thy *Pancratick* rage (stage;
Have grac't, th'art now brought on the world's great
Loe, here the trumpet of thy wandering fame,
The Herauld-blazer of thy dreadfull name:
Thou hast an Atlas whose unshrinking shoulders
Of thee, against sharp Censure, are upholders.
Illustrious *Iames*, thou henceforth shalt inherit
*Achilles** name, as thou dost his brave spirit;
What's said of him is but a pleasant fiction,
And seemes of thee to be a true prediction:
Thy mother did thee (young) by th' Finger take,
And drench't thy body in the *Stygian* Lake,
Made it impenetrable; for no wound
Was yet in all thy Broyles e're made, or found,

Achilles, ἀπὸ τοῦ ἄχος λύειν, à solvendo dolorem, for hee makes his guests merry with tales and jeasts.

Save

Save in that fatall *Finger*. (Poets tript
In saying 'twas the *Heele*, their finger slipt.)
Canary is thy *Achyllean* Speare,
That hurts, and heales, and strikes, more joy, than feare:
Thy valiant * *Myrmidons* with thee (brave *Boy*)
Are able to subdue another *Troy*.

E. A.

* Buſie pots of Wine, & pots of Beere.

To my good Schoole-Maſter, Mr. *Iohn Gower*, and to my good acquaintance, his Book.

THe Printer writes, our Maſters Booke will ſell:
And I muſt write our Maſter writeth well.
Yet meanes he not to make a Schoole-booke of it:
For that would turne to our, and his ſmall profit.
Our Dames of Henningham *would chide, and ſay*
That boyes are ſent to ſtudy not to play.
And ſo wee doe. For dayly all the weeke
He teacheth us true Latine, *truſty* Greeke;
But yet on Holydayes, and playing howres,
He gives us leave to reade of Engliſh Towres,
Which have of old in ſiedge the Danes *withſtood;*
Or beene beſmeer'd with Engliſh cloder'd blood:
And of ſtout Champions who at every ſtroake,
Have made the walles of warlike Caſtles ſmoake.

Alumnus tuus

IOSEPHVS HARRINGTON.

OVr Maſter *Iohn Gower*
Hath writ of a Tower,
Which lookes much batter'd and broken.
Not farre from thoſe walles,
I have oft play'd at Scales.
And is not that a good token?

Of *Iames* he hath written
A ſtory no fitten,
(I know well that Gyant of valour)
A deadly ſore fight
Ith' dead of the night,
O! he is more ſtout then a Taylour.

I had rather runne hence,
Then meet him at Fence,
Vnleſſe I might give him Schoole-butter:
What though he be bare?
Yet ſtrike I ſcarce dare,
Leſt he begin firſt to utter.

WILL: BRAMSTON, *Diſcipulus.*

Vpon the Caſtle-Combat.

THy Worke is ſweet, but comes from matter ſower:
So rankeſt dung brings forth the fayreſt flower.
Thus I ſalute my gentle Maſter *Gower*.

DAVID TINDALE, *Qui tibi Diſcipulus nunc ſum, cupioque doceri.*

The

THe Printer dreames this Booke will sell the better;
If Caſtle-Schoole doe ſend to him a letter.
I am therein a Schollar, young and tender:
And yet am bold to be a poore commender.
Thus I my hearty Commendations ſend,
Print well; Farewell, my unknowne London Friend.

EDMUND BRAMSTON.

Diſcipulus Gowerianus.

A *Quære* with a *Quare* concerning *Iohn Quis.*

VVHat *Iohn?* What *Gower? Iohn Gower, Chaucers* (friend?
He liv'd; & * wrote renow'd in times of yore:
And now belike, according to the lore
Of great *Pythagoras*, himſelfe doth lend.

* See his Monument in Saint Mary Overies Church neere London.

Thus, by Soule-ſhifting, *Virgil's* ghoſt did wend
To *Spencer's* lodge. Who *Ovid* was before;
Is *Drayton* ſince. Thus *Lucan* Fates reſtore
In *May*. Thus *Orpheus* ſoule doth *Quarl's* attend.

Let Heralds thee engower when thou wilt brave it:
Thy Muſe for name; and fame makes *Affidavit.*

EDM: IOHNSON.

For

For the Castle-Combat.

I Speake it boldly (for I need not shuffle)
This fight encounters with the Counter-scuffle.
Those Eggs, the Loaves, the Lobstars, Plaise, and Ling,
The Pippin-pyes, and all, that they did fling,
Concocted were but artificially
In Culinary fires by Cookery:
But here the weapons are of nobler temper,
Refin'd in Natures Kitchin. Constat semper,
That Nature added unto Art doth make
A better worke, than Art can undertake.
A custard back'd is not so strong a bullet,
As when for after batch it past the gullet.
The Oven, Caldron, Spits, are all but Sluts
Compar'd with humane stomacke, Liver, Guts,
And therefore 'tis more honour to be beaten
With scoales of meat already chew'd and eaten.
O brave heroick shott! O field well wun!
Where combatants have made their Corps their Gun.
I say againe, Mars *did more richly ruffle*
In Castle-Combat, *than in* Counter-Scuffle.

IOHANNES *de* AYOCHA.

FINIS.